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THE RIVER LA PLATA.

LA PLATA is the name of a very great river in South America, running through the province of Paraguay; on which account the whole country is sometimes called Plata, though this name is usually given only to a part of Paraguay. In the latter sense it comprehends all that country which is bounded on the east and south-east by the Atlantic ocean; on the south by Terra Magellanica; on the west by Tucuman; and on the north by the provinces of Paraguay proper and Parana. The great river La Plata, from which the country has its name, was first discovered in the year 1515, by Juan Diaz de Zolis, but denominated La Plata by Sebastian Gobato, from the great quantity of precious metals he procured from the adjacent inhabitants, imagining that they were the produce of the country, though, in fact, they were brought from Peru.

The climate is pleasant and healthy. The winter is in May, June, and July, when the nights are very cold, but the days are moderately warm. The frost is neither violent nor lasting, and the snows are very inconsiderable. The country consists mostly of plains to a vast extent, and exceeding rich soil, producing all sorts of European and American fruits.

The river La Plata rises in Peru, and receives many others in its course, the chief of which is the Paraguay. The water of it is said to be very clear and sweet, and to petrify wood. It contains such plenty and variety

of fish, that the people catch large quantities of them without any other instrument than their hands. It runs mostly to the south and southeast, and is navigable the greatest part of its course by the largest vessels, and is full of delightful islands. All along its banks are seen the most beautiful birds, of all kinds; but it sometimes overflows the adjacent country to a great extent, and is infested with serpents of a prodigious size. From its junction with the Paraguay to its mouth, the distance is above two hundred leagues. Some judgment may be formed of its magnitude, when it is said that its mouth is about seventy leagues in width.

The manner in which individuals are conveyed across some parts of this majestic river, is curious, and to those who are accustomed to bridges and boats, somewhat alarming. Of this subject, the following account is given by Mollien, in his travels in Colombia.

"The following day, leaving the banks of the Pai, I proceeded along those of the Rio de la Plata, which falls into it, and before two o'clock in the afternoon, arrived in sight of the town of that name. We could not immediately enter it, on account of the bridge of communication not being sufficiently commodious for the number of persons going to and from La Plata. On each side of the river, leather bands are made fast to stakes, driven into the ground, and upon this tarabita, (for thus they call this singular sort of a bridge,) is placed a piece of wood, furnished with leather straps, by which the traveller is fastened, and according to whichever side he wishes to go, he is drawn across. The passage, at first, seems rather alarming; and one cannot, without shuddering, find himself suspended over an abyss by a few hide-ropes, which are very liable to be injured by the rain, and consequently, to break. Accidents, however, seldom happen. Animals are made to swim across."

Ambition travels on a road too narrow for friendship,—too steep for safety.

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BOOKS FOR CHILDREN.

EARLY impressions made upon the mind of a child are like characters written upon moistened clay. While in this state it will receive almost any impression, which, if permitted to remain until it has become hardened, it will be very difficult to erase. It is therefore highly important that these impressions be *good*. Much depends upon the *character* of the books that are put into the hands of the child to read. What impressions would it be like to receive from reading some of the popular novels of the day, where the hero of the tale is represented as a deceiver, and perhaps a murderer—where the most vicious and malignant principles of depraved nature are applauded and extolled as the greatest of virtues? It is certain that a bad impression is more easily made than a virtuous one. Hence the importance of furnishing children with such books as will be calculated to instil into their minds pure and virtuous principles. When the mind is just beginning to expand, instead of having presented to its intellect a group of distorted and unsubstantial images as the groundwork of its future progress in wisdom and knowledge, it should be irradiated with the beams of unadulterated *truth*. But what is the general tendency of most of the novels and popular romances that are so eagerly sought after and read, especially by the younger part of the community? “To distort and caricature the facts of real history; to gratify a romantic imagination; to pamper a depraved mental appetite; to excite a disbelief for the existing scenes of nature, and for the authenticated facts that have occurred in the history of mankind; to hold up venerable characters to derision and contempt; to excite admiration of the exploits and malignant principles of those rude chieftains and barbarous heroes, whose names ought to descend into everlasting oblivion; to revive the revengeful spirit of the dark ages; to undermine that sacred regard for *truth* and moral principle, which forms the basis of

happiness of the intellectual universe; and throw a false glory over scenes of rapine and bloodshed, and devastation. To such works and their admirers we might apply the words of the ancient prophet, 'He feedeth on *ashes*; a deceived heart hath turned him aside, that he cannot say, Is there not a lie in my right hand.'

'For sure, to hug a fancied case
That never did, and never can take place,
And for the pleasures it can give,
Neglect the *facts of real life*,
Is madness in its greatest height,
Or I mistake the matter quite.'

The minds of young persons, who spend their time in reading fiction, generally become completely dissipated;—they lose a relish for facts connected with the system of nature and the history of mankind when represented in their true light. They are like the man that has become addicted to the use of strong drink, who is not satisfied with the refreshing and healthy beverage nature has freely supplied, but require some thing of stimulating nature to excite and elevate his feelings. There is sufficient *variety* in the *existing scenes* of creation and providence, without having recourse to *scenes of fiction* to instruct and *gratify* a rational mind. "If we survey the Alpine scenes of nature; if we explore the wonders of the ocean; if we penetrate the subterraneous recesses of the globe; if we investigate the structure and economy of the animal and vegetable tribes; if we raise our eyes to the rolling orbs of heaven; and if we contemplate the *moral* scenery which is every where displayed around us.—shall we not find a sufficient variety of every thing that is calculated to interest and improve the mind?" Parents, therefore, who permit their children to more than waste their time in reading fictitious narratives, (the wild vagaries of an unbridled imagination,) or neglect to furnish them with suitable books—such as will be calculated to interest and instruct them, are certainly very censurable. Do they feel the responsibility that rests upon them to "train up their child in the way

he should go" as they ought? Are they sensible of the duties they owe to their children, who are looking up to and depending upon them for advice and instruction—to the community with which they are to associate, and a part of which they are soon to become—and to God who has placed them for a season under their care, and who will call them to an account for the manner in which they train them up? If they did they would not be indifferent to this important subject. Youth is emphatically the seed time of life. Much care should be taken therefore in the selection of the seed to be sown.

"'Tis education forms the common mind :—
Just as the *twig* is bent the tree's inclined."

F. MERRICK.

LITERATURE OF THE JEWS.

THE Spanish and Portuguese Jews, from whom the most distinguished of the Dutch Hebrew families are descended, were renowned among their nation for superior talents and acquirements, and we believe maintain even to this day an almost universally admitted pre-eminence. Under the tolerant and comparatively enlightened Mohamedan conquerors of Spain, their property was protected, their toleration was encouraged, and their persons loaded with favors. Their writers boast with delight and enthusiasm of "the glory, splendor and prosperity in which they lived."

Their schools in the south of the Peninsula were the channels through which the knowledge of the East was spread over western and northern Europe. Abenezra, Maimonides and Kimki, three of the most illustrious ornaments of the Synagogue, rank among the Spanish Jews.—Throughout the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, while knowledge among Christians seemed at the lowest ebb, the catalogue of Hebrew writers is most extensive and most varied. Mathematics, medicine, and natural philosophy, were all greatly advanced under their auspices; while the pursuits of poetry and oratory adorned their pages. They

obtained so much consideration, that the ancestors of almost every noble family in Spain may be traced up to a Jewish head.

The fifteenth and sixteenth centuries are crowned with every calamity that could afflict a nation, pursued by all the blindness of ignorance and all the hatred of infatuated and powerful malevolence. Their sacred books were destroyed: their dwellings devastated; their temples razed; themselves visited by imprisonment and tortures; by private assassinations and extensive massacres. When the infamous Ferdinand Fifth established or re-organized the Inquisition in Spain, the Jews were among its earliest victims. Two hundred thousand wretches were pursued by fire, sword, famine and pestilence, and he who should offer them shelter, food, or clothing, was to be punished as a felon. Of those who fled to the mountains many were murdered in cold blood, and others died miserably of hunger. Of those who embarked, thousands perished with their wives and children on the pitiless ocean.

Some reached the more hospitable regions of the North, and preserved the language and literature of their fathers; yet the epoch of their glory seemed departed, and the Arbanel, the Cordozo, the Spinosa, and a few others, glimmer only amidst the general obscurity. The Jews, as a people, appeared wholly occupied in selfish worldliness, scarcely producing such a man as Mendelsohn, even in a century, and claiming for him then no renown in his *Hebrew* character.

The Jews seem to have partaken of the general character of the age; and scepticism and incredulity took their stand where ignorance and superstition had existed before. Yet the changes which had been extensively in action in the religious and political world, could not but produce some effect upon their situation. They had become too important a part of society to be passed by without notice; while their wealth and their great financial operations gave them extraordinary weight.—They have been courted by kings, ennobled by emperors. All the concerns of states have

been obliged to turn upon their individual will. They have become in a word the very monarchs of the earth, deciding the great question of peace or war—the arbiters in truth of the destinies of man.

But it is not in this point of view that we mean to consider the Jews; nor are these 'lords of the ascendant' the individuals among them that interest our affections or excite our regard. The revival which we contemplate with delight is the revival of those old and holy associations which seemed buried in the abyss of worldliness, of that enlightened, that literary spirit, which gives the promise and is the pledge of brighter and better days. We see the young tree of truth and inquiry springing up in the waste. Its roots strike deep, its branches spread widely, it shall gather the people under its shade.

We know of nothing more touching, nothing more sublime, than the feelings with which an intelligent Hebrew must review the past and present, while he anticipates the future history of his race. That history begins, as he deems it will end, in triumph and in glory. Yet mists and chilling desolation envelope all the intermediate records. With what proud and glowing emotions must he trace the origin and progress of that religion, which he and his fathers have professed through trials sharper than the fiery furnace, for which all of them have suffered, and millions have died.

With Israel the living God condescended to covenant, and called them 'his chosen, his peculiar people.' Miracles and signs and wonders cover all their early wanderings with light, fair as the milky way across the arch of heaven. For them the cloudy pillar was raised in the desert; for them the column of fire dissipated the gloom and the terrors of night. Amidst thunderings and lightnings, and the voice of the trumpet and the presence of God, their law was promulgated; the bitter waters of Marah were made sweet to them; and manna fell from heaven as the nightly dew.—Well might they shout with their triumphant leader, 'The Lord is our strength, and our song, and our salvation.' "

Then come the days of darkness—and they are many. The glory of the temple is departed. They are scattered like chaff among the nations. Opprobrium and insult hunt them through the earth. Shame and suffering bend them to the very dust, till degradation drags them to the lowest depth of misery—All the cruelties that ferocity can invent; all the infatuation that furious blindness can generate; all the terrors that despotism can prepare, are poured out upon their unsheltered heads. Warrants go forth for their extermination; yet the race is preserved. Those who most hate and persecute one another, all unite to torture them. Exile, imprisonment, death—these are the least of their woes. Why should the picture be drawn?—the soul is lacerated with the contemplation. Those generations are gathered to their fathers. Stilled are their sorrows and their joys.

Next a few dim rays play across the path of time. Civilization and freedom gathering the human race beneath their wings, and protecting them all by the generous influence of a widely pervading benevolence, raise the race of Israel to their rank among the nations.—Then hidden in the deeper recesses of futurity, what visions of splendor are unveiled! The gathering of the tribes, Jerusalem the glorious temple, their own Messiah;—but the thoughts falter, the spirit is troubled.—Yet ‘the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.’

Under the influence of thoughts like these Da Costa must have composed the hymn, of which we venture to give a translation. It breathes, it burns with all the blended emotions of pride and indignation; hope deferred that sickeneth the heart; of confidence; of despair; of virtue wounded by contumely and true nobility insulted by contempt: there is a spirit roused by a contemplation of injustice, and a sense of wrong soaring from eloquence to sublimity.

ISRAEL.

[EXTRACT FROM THE TRANSLATION.]

Yea! bear—confide—be patient ever
My brethren of the chosen race!
Whose name oblivion blighted never,
Whose glories time shall ne’er efface;

Vanish the Atheist's desperate boldness,
Shame the presumptuous threats of hell!
The eye's apathy and coldness—
Ye are the race of Israel.

And their blood who were, in years long faded,
Allied to God, ye bear within;
And ye are still, although degraded,
Ennobled by your origin;
Ye o'er all nations elevated,
God's earthly treasure, hope and claim,
His favorites, his first created—
O let us still deserve his name!

O sunk in shame! in sorrow straying!
Ye sinned—now suffer and atone!
In agony and exile praying
For that bright land you called your own.
Ye from God's beaten track departed;
Poor homeless pilgrims wand'ring here;
His arm abandoned you, proud hearted!
To trembling helplessness and fear.

What prophets have foretold comes o'er us;
The sceptre from our grasp is torn;
Our rank and glory fade before us,
Our god-like kingdom given to scorn;
We chosen erst from chosen nations
Now writhe beneath the scoffer's rod;
Bare to the meanest slave's vexations,
We who were subjects once of—God!

Ah! safety, comfort, all are left us,
Exiled by God's almighty hand;
Nought of the glorious orient left us,
Our true—our only father's land!
Far from our sire's remains—ill-fated,
The abject race of Abraham weeps;
His blood, in us degenerated;
Now thro' a crumbling ruin creeps.

Redeemer! Sire! be our defender!
O, turn not from our prayers away,
Give Israel to her early splendor,
Or let her joyless name decay!
No! hopes deferr'd and memories vanish'd,
Our trust in thee could never bow!
We are the Hebrew still—tho' banish'd,
Thou art the Hebrew's God—e'en now!

Yes! the Messiah, soon appearing,
Shall burst these bands of slavery;
Thine anger-mists again are clearing,
Our day of victory is nigh,

A heavenly flame is brightly soaring,
Behind the clouds of earthly wo:
Shout, Israel! shout, with joy adoring,
Your Prince's—Saviour's advent show.

Lion of Judah, roar and greet him,
Hail his majestic march once more:
Come Adam's race! with blessings meet him
And rank again, as rank'd of yore.
Announce him from on high thou thunder!
Bend your proud heads, ye hills around!
Fall, kingdom of deceit, asunder,
In ruins at our trumpet's sound.

Behold the long expected gladness!
Salvation's morn again appears;
The meed for suffering, scorn, and sadness,
The citadel 'gainst foes and fears.
With hope like this to live or perish,
Is our redemption—duty—joy!
Which when our souls shall cease to cherish,
Those guilty souls, O God, destroy!

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FIDELITY.

A faithful friend is the repository of our secrets, and is like a precious stone, which has no spots, and which is not to be purchased but by the returns of the same nature. Happy he who finds such a friend; for to him he can trust his most secret thoughts, and in him find a consolation at all times.

Diodorus, the Sicilian, says, that among the Egyptians it was a criminal matter, to discover a secret with which they were entrusted, and one of their priests, being convicted of this offence was banished his country. Certainly, nothing can be more just, than that a secret entrusted to a friend, under the sanction of good faith and secrecy, should be considered as a sacred thing, and that to divulge it, under any pretence whatever, is a profanation of the most sacred duties.

Plutarch remarks, that the Albanians, being at war with Philip, king of Macedon, one day intercepted a letter, which he had written to Olympia, his wife. They sent it back to him unopened, that they might not be obliged to read it in public, saying, that their laws forbid them to betray a secret.



THE HERMITAGE AT ST. PETERSBURG

WE have given above a very spirited engraving of the Hermitage, or winter palace of the Emperor of Russia. It is situated at the west end of the Admiralty, and near the centre of the town. This huge edifice of stuccoed brick work, forms a square, each side representing a front, and lost in a confusion of pillars and statues of almost every description. The royal gallery of paintings is in this building; a part is also devoted to mineralogy. JOHNSTONE, in his description of St. Petersburg, says, that within the palace or hermitage are artificial gardens, denominated the winter and summer gardens. The first is roofed with glass, laid out in gravel walks, planted with orange trees, and several parterres of flowers, and filled with birds of various countries. The summer garden is exposed to the air, and placed on the top of the palace.

In front of the palace is the largest square in the city. One of its sides is formed by a magnificent building, erected by the late empress Catharine for her favorites, but which is now changed to a private club

house by the English and German merchants, and of each side terminated by the public hotels.

To the west of the Hermitage, and fronting the river is the palace of the grand duke, partly built of hewn granite, and partly of red Siberian marble: it is probably one of the chastest buildings in St. Petersburg. In the vicinity of this palace are laid out extensive gardens, in every corner of which are exhibited statues, which are condemned to be buried six months in the year under snow. Between the garden and the river is one of the finest and most superb iron railings perhaps to be found in any part of Europe. It is supported by between thirty and forty massive columns of granite, upwards of twenty feet in height, surmounted by large urns. Between the granite columns the iron spears are placed, of the same height, and gilded at the top.

At the south end of these gardens is the palace of the late emperor Paul, wherein he was strangled. This colossal and clumsy edifice was one of the many eccentric labors of that unfortunate monarch. To avoid inhabiting the same palace which his royal mother had occupied, and as a secure asylum against the too just suspicions which he entertained against his nobles, he raised this building in the short space of three years. From this palace he hurled out mandates which menaced the very existence of his empire. Here his eccentricities rose to the highest pitch, and here he met with that fate which must always endanger the madness of despotism. It is said that his death might have been prevented, had he not forgotten to pull a bell wire which communicated under ground with the room where his body guards were assembled.

When the artist, Falconet, had finished his statue of Peter the Great, though as admirable a specimen of the art as ever graced the followers of a Phidias or Praxiteles, yet from the rudeness of its pedestal it could not but be rendered too minute in its general outline, he, therefore, in order to assimilate their dimensions, mutilated the rock, and thus gave an imaginary measure of bulk to the figure. The attitude of the statue represents the monarch as having gained the summit

of the precipice, and restraining the violence of his horse, which is seen rearing on its hind legs, with a full and flowing tail, touching the writhing body of a serpent, on which the horse tramples. The head of the figure is crowned with laurel, and a loose flowing robe is thrown over its body. The left hand holds the reins, while the other, is stretched out in the act of giving benediction to his subjects. On the rock, the following short but expressive inscription is fixed in golden letters, both in the Latin and Russian language:

CATHARINE II. TO PETER I.

THE EXILE'S DIRGE.

(By Mrs. Hemans.)

"I attended a funeral where there were a number of the German settlers present. After I had performed such service as is usual on similar occasions, a most venerable looking old man came forward and asked me if I were willing that he should perform some of their peculiar rites. He opened a very ancient version of Luther's hymns, and they all began to sing in German so loud that the woods echoed the strain. There was something affecting in the singing of these ancient people, carrying one of their brethern to his last home, and using the language and rites which they had brought with them over the sea from the *Vaterland*—a word which often occurred in his hymn. It was a long, slow, and mournful air, which they sang as they bore the body along. The words '*mein Gott!*'—'*mein Bruder,*' and '*Vaterland*' died away in distant echoes amongst the woods. I shall long remember that funeral hymn.—*Flint's Recollections of the Valley of the Mississippi.*

There went a dirge through the forest's gloom:
An exile was borne to a lonely tomb.

"Brother!" (so the chant was sung
In the stumbrer's native tongue)
"Friend and brother! not for thee
Shall the sound of weeping be:
Long the exile's woe hath lain
On thy life a withering chain;
Music from thine own blue streams
Wandered through thy fever dreams;

Voices from thy country's vines
Met thee 'midst the alien pines,
And thy true heart died away,
And thy spirit would not stay."

So swell'd the chant; and the deep wind's moan
Seemed through the cedars to murmur—"gone!"

"Brother! by the rolling Rhine
Stands the home that once was thine;
Brother! now thy dwelling lies
Where the Indian's arrow flies!
He that blessed thine infant head
Fills a distant, greensward bed!
She that heard thy lisping prayer
Slumbers low beside him there;
They that earli' st with thee played,
T'at beneath their own oak-shade,
Far, far hence!—yet sea nor shore:
Haply brother! part you more:
God hath call'd thee to that band
In thine immortal father-land!"

"The father-land!"—with that sweet word
A burst of tears 'midst the strain was heard.

"Brother! were we there with thee,
Rich would many a meeting be!
Many a broken garland bound
Many a mourn'd one lost and found!
But our task is still to bear,
Still to breathe in changeful air;
Lov'd and bright thing to resign
As ev'n now this dust of thine;
Yet to hope!—to hope in heaven,
Though flowers fall, and trees be riven;
Yet to pray—and wait the hand
Beckoning to the father-land."

And the requiem died in the forest's gloom—
They had reached the exile's lonely tomb.

CABINET OF NATURE.

VARIETY OF NATURE.

(Continued.)

WHEN we direct our attention to the tribes of *animated nature*, we behold a scene no less variegated and astonishing. Above fifty thousand species of animals have been detected and described by naturalists, besides several thousands of species which the naked eye cannot discern, and which people the in-

visible regions of the waters and the air. And, as the greater part of the globe has never yet been thoroughly explored, several hundreds, if not thousands, of species unknown to the scientific world, may exist in the depths of the ocean, and in the unexplored regions of the land. All these species differ from one another in color, size, and shape; in the internal structure of their bodies, in the number of their sensitive organs, limbs, feet, joints, claws, wings, and fins; in their dispositions, faculties, movements, and modes of subsistence. They are of all sizes, from the mite and the gnat, up to the elephant and the whale, and from the mite downwards to those invisible animalculæ, a hundred thousand of which would not equal a grain of sand. Some fly through the atmosphere, some glide through the waters, others traverse the solid land. Some walk on two, some on four, some on twenty, and some on a hundred feet.

Some have eyes furnished with two, some with eight, some with a hundred, and some with eight thousand distinct transparent globes, for the purposes of vision.*

* The eyes of beetles, silkworms, flies and several other kinds of insects are among the most curious and wonderful productions of the God of nature. On the head of a fly are two large protuberances, one on each side; these constitute its organs of vision. The whole surface of these protuberances is covered with a multitude of small hemispheres, placed with the utmost regularity in rows, crossing each other in a kind of lattice work. These little hemispheres have each of them a minute transparent convex lens in the middle, each of which has a distinct branch of the optic nerve ministering to it; so that the different lenses may be considered as so many distinct eyes. Mr. Leeuwenhoek counted 6,236 in the two eyes of a silk-worm, when in its *fly* state; 3,180 in each eye of a beetle; and 8,000 in the two eyes of a *common fly*. Mr. Hook reckoned 14,000 in the eyes of a *drone fly*; and in one of the eyes of a *dragon fly*, there have been reckoned 13,500 of these lenses, and, consequently, in both eyes, 27,000, every one of which is capable of forming a distinct image of any object, in the same manner as a common convex glass: so that there are twenty-seven thousand images formed on the retina of this little animal. Mr. Leeuwenhoek having prepared the eye of a fly for the purpose, placed it a little farther from his microscope than when he would examine an object, so as to leave a proper focal distance between it and the lens of his microscope; and then looked through both in the manner of a telescope, at the steeple of a church,

Our astonishment at the variety which appears in the animal kingdom, is still farther increased, when we consider not only the diversities which are apparent in their external aspect, but also in their internal structure and organization. When we reflect on the thousands of movements, adjustments, adaptations, and compensations, which are requisite in order to the construction of an animal system, for enabling it to perform its intended functions; when we consider, that every species of animals has a system of organization peculiar to itself, consisting of bones, joints, blood vessels, and muscular motions, differing in a variety of respects from those of any other species, and exactly adapted to its various necessities and modes of existence; and when we consider still farther, the incomprehensibly delicate contrivances, and exquisite borings, polishings, claspings, and adaptations, which enter into the organization of an animated being ten thousand times less than a mite; and that the different species of these animals are likewise all differently organized from one another, we cannot but be struck with reverence and astonishment, at the *Intelligence* of that Incomprehensible Being who arranged the organs of all the tribes of animated nature who "breathed into them the breath of life," and who continually upholds them in all their movements!

Could we descend into the subterraneous apartments of the globe, and penetrate into those unknown recesses which lie toward its centre, we should doubtless, behold a variegated scene of wonders even in those dark and impenetrable regions. But all the labor and industry of man have not hitherto enabled him to penetrate farther into the bowels of the earth than

which was 299 feet high, and 750 feet distant, and could plainly see through every little lens, the whole steeple inverted, though not larger than the point of a fine needle; and then directing it to a neighboring house, saw through many of these little hemispheres not only the front of the house, but also the doors and windows, and could discern distinctly, whether the windows were open or shut. Such an exquisite piece of Divine mechanism transcends all human comprehension.

the six thousandth part of its diameter, so that we must remain for ever ignorant of the immense caverns and masses of matter that may exist, and of the processes that may be going on about its central regions. In those regions, however near the surface, which lie within the sphere of human inspection, we perceive a variety analogous to that which is displayed in the other departments of nature. Here we find substances of various kinds formed into strata, or layers of different depths—earths, sand, gravel, marl, clay, sand-stone, free-stone, marble, lime-stone, fossils, coals, peat, and similar materials. In these strata are found metals and minerals of various descriptions—salt, nitrate of potash, ammonia, sulphur, bitumen, platina, gold, silver, mercury, iron, lead, tin, copper, zinc, nickel, manganese, cobalt, antimony, the diamond, rubies, sapphires, jaspers, emeralds, and a countless variety of other substances, of incalculable benefit to mankind. Some of these substances are so essentially requisite for the comfort of man, that, without them, he would soon degenerate into the savage state, and be deprived of all those arts which extend his knowledge, and which cheer and embellish the abodes of civilized life.

If we turn our eyes upward to the regions of the atmosphere, we may also behold a spectacle of variegated magnificence. Sometimes the sky is covered with sable clouds, or obscured with mists; at other times it is tinged with a variety of hues, by the rays of the rising or the setting sun. Sometimes it presents a pure azure, at other times it is diversified with strata of dappled clouds. At one time we behold the rainbow rearing its majestic arch, adorned with all the colors of light; at another, the Aurora Borealis illuminating the sky with its fantastic coruscations. At one time we behold the fiery meteor sweeping through the air; at another, we perceive the forked lightning darting from the clouds, and hear the thunders rolling through the sky. Sometimes the vault of heaven appears like a boundless desert, and at other times adorned with an innumerable host of stars, and with the moon

"walking in brightness." In short whether we direct our view to the vegetable or the animal tribes, to the atmosphere, to the ocean, the mountains, the plains, or the subterranean recesses of the globe, we behold a scene of beauty, order, and *variety*, which astonishes and enraptures the contemplative mind, and constrains us to join in the devout exclamations of the Psalmist, "*How manifold are thy works, O Lord! In wisdom hast thou made them all, the earth is full of thy riches; so is the great and wide sea wherein are things creeping innumerable, both small and great beasts.*"

A PETRIFIED FOREST.

ONE of the most curious discoveries of the present day, is the "petrified forest" on the Missouri river. A letter to the editor of the Illinois Magazine states, that the petrifications of stumps and limbs of trees are abundant for the distance of thirty miles, over an open prairie, on the western bank of the Missouri. The topography of this section of the country is hilly and much broken into deep ravines and hollows. On the sides and summits of the hills, at an elevation of several hundred feet above the level of the river, and at an estimated height of some thousand feet above the ocean, the earth's surface is literally covered with stumps, limbs and roots of petrified trees; presenting the appearance of a 'petrified forest,' broken and thrown down by some powerful convulsion of nature, and scattered in all directions in innumerable fragments.

Some of the trees appear to have been broken off in falling, close to their roots; while others stand at an elevation of many feet above the surface. Some of the stumps when measured proved upwards of fifteen feet in circumference.

As these formations are supposed to be produced by the agency of water and of mineral substance, it is natural to conjecture that this region has at some day been submersed in water. But when? Are they Antediluvian remains; or was this region covered at a period subsequent to the general deluge? They must

have proceeded from such causes, unless it is granted that petrification may be produced by the simple action of the atmosphere. These are interesting topics of inquiry.

A petrified forest! a vast wilderness changed to stone! Was it the gradual work of ages; and did the hand of gray-headed Time deposit the stony particles in the grains of the wood, sand by sand; or was it rather an instantaneous transformation from vegetable life to mineral death, like the sudden change of Lot's wife into a pillar of salt? Did the great process of petrification commence at the day when Noah's vessel of old was tossed in the boundless and overwhelming waters of the Deluge, or not till ages afterwards, after some great inundation, in the prairies of the West? Has there ever taken place in those extensive regions, some mighty unrevealed flood, laying waste 'the fair hunting grounds' of the wandering aboriginal, sweeping away his cabin on the hill! compelling him to trust his life to his birchen canoe; destroying the buffalo and the mammoth; uprooting forests, and tearing them limb from limb; and plunging all nature into chaos. Could these things be, and if so, may, not an all wise Providence direct their recurrence?

A beautiful object must be that "petrified forest," either when the mid-day sunshine sets its diamond particles in a blaze; or when the twilight colors it with a rosy flush, or the moonlight endues it with a marble-like whiteness. You might fancy yourself in Aladdin's garden, but that the *trees*, as well as the fruit, are like diamonds and precious stones. You might fancy yourself in a winter forest in New-England, whose massy branches and trunks are heavily encrusted with ice and sparkling snow. You might fancy yourself among the sparry grottoes of fairy-land; but there is little need for the exercise of fancy, when it can hardly surpass the simple and substantial fact. What a scene for the pen or pencil of a master—a vast forest, with its inhabitants, savage men, beast and bird—at a moment transformed and petrified—animated nature changed into inanimate matter—life to silent and unchanging death.

EXAMPLES FROM HISTORY.**EARLY APPLICATION TO WISDOM.****SENTIMENTS.**

CICERO (than whom no man was a better judge, for no man more earnestly sought, or better understood, the true nature of wisdom; no man, I mean, of the heathen world) has given nearly this definition of the wisdom. "What, (says he) is more desirable than wisdom; what more excellent in itself; what more useful to man, or more worthy his pursuit? They who earnestly seek for it are called philosophers; for philosophy, in the strict meaning of the word, is no other than the love of wisdom; but wisdom, as defined by the ancient philosophers, is the knowledge of things divine and human, and of their efficient causes: the study of which whoever despises, I know not what he can think worthy of his approbation. For whether you seek for an agreeable amusement, or a relaxation from care what can be comparable to those studies which are always searching out for something that may tend to make life more easy and happy? Are you desirous of learning the principles of fortitude and virtue? This or none beside is the art by which you may acquire them. They who affirm that there is no art in things of the greatest moment, while nothing, even the most trifling, is attained without the aid of art, are men of no reflection, and guilty of the grossest error: but if there is any science of virtue, where shall it be learned, if not in the school of this wisdom?"

An ignorant, idle man, is a dead weight on society: a wicked, profligate man, is a pest, is a nuisance to society; but a wise and virtuous man, who labors by all means in his power to advance the universal good, to improve the knowledge and the happiness of mankind, is at once an ornament of his nature, and a blessing to the community; a good planet, shining with a benign influence on all around him; the truest resemblance of his God, whose goodness is continually displaying itself through the whole extent of being, and, like that God, seeking pleasure in conferring good. He will feel

happiness according to the degree in which he communicates it.

EXAMPLES.

Antisthenes being asked, what he got by his learning, answered, "That he could talk to himself, could live alone, and needed not go abroad and be beholden to others for delight." The same person desired nothing of the gods to make his life happy, but the spirit of Socrates; which would enable him to bear any wrong or injury, and to continue in a quiet temper whatever might befall him.

Count Oxenstiern, the Chancellor of Sweden, was a person of the first quality, rank and abilities, in his own country, and whose care and success, not only in the chief ministry of affairs there, but in the greatest negotiations of Europe, during his time rendered him no less considerable abroad. After all his knowledge and honors, being visited in his retreat from public business, by Commissioner Whitelocke, at the close of their conversation, he said to the ambassador, "I, sir, have seen much, and enjoyed much of this world; but I never knew how to live until now. I thank God, who has given me time to know him, and likewise myself. All the comfort I take, and which is more than the whole world can give, is the knowledge of God's love in my heart, and the reading of this blessed book, (laying his hand on the Bible.) You are now, sir, (continued he,) in the prime of your age and vigor, and in great favor and business; but this will all leave you, and you will one day better understand and relish what I say to you. Then you will find that there is more wisdom, truth, comfort and pleasure, in retiring and turning your heart from the world in the good spirit of God, and in reading his sacred word, than in all the courts and all the favors of princes."

The Romans, we are told, built their temple of Virtue immediately before that sacred to Honor, to teach that it was necessary to be virtuous before being honored. St. Augustine observes, that though these temples were contiguous, there was no entering that of Honor, until after having passed through that of Virtue.

Seneca, after a serious study of all the philosophy in

his time in the world, was almost a Christian, in his severe reproofs of vice, and commendations of virtue. His expressions are sometimes divine, soaring far above the common sphere of heathen authors. How beautiful is that sentence of his in the preface to his *Natural Questions*: "What a pitiful thing would man be, if his soul did not soar above these earthly things!" And though he was sometimes doubtful about the future condition of his soul, yet he tells his dear Lucilius with what pleasure he thought of its future bliss; and then goes on to argue, that the soul of man hath this mark of divinity in it, that it is most pleased with divine speculations, and converses with them as with matters in which it is most nearly concerned. "When this soul (saith he) hath once viewed the vast dimensions of the heavens, it despises the meanness of its former little cottage. Were it not for these contemplations, it had not been worth our while to have come into this world, nor would it make us amends for any pains and care we take about this present life."

The Spartans, we find, paid a particular attention to the peculiar genius and disposition of their youths, in order the better to adapt them to such employments as were most suitable to their capacities, and wherein they might be most beneficial to society. Among them it was not lawful for the father himself to bring up his children after his own fancy. As soon as they were seven years old, they were all enrolled in several companies, and disciplined by the public. The old men were spectators of their performances, who often raised emulations among them, and set them at strife one with the other, that by those early discoveries they might see how their several talents lay, and, without any regard to their quality, dispose of them accordingly for the service of the commonwealth. By this means Sparta soon became the mistress of Greece, and famous through the whole world for her civil and military discipline.

Agessilaus, king of Sparta, being asked, "what he thought most proper for boys to learn?" answered, "What they ought to do when they come to be men."

Thus a wiser than Agesilaus has inculcated : " Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."

Simonides, an excellent poet, the better to support himself under narrow circumstance, went the tour of Asia, singing from city to city the praises of their heroes and great men, and receiving their rewards. By this means having at last become wealthy, he determined to return to his own country, by sea, being a native of the island Ceos. Accordingly he went on board a vessel which had not been long on the voyage before a terrible tempest arose, and reduced it to a wreck in the midst of the sea. Upon this, some of the people packed up their treasures, others their most valuable merchandise, and tied them around their bodies as the best means of supporting their future existence, should they escape the present dangers. But amidst all their solicitude, a certain inquisitive person observing Simonides quite inactive, and seemingly unconcerned, asked him, " What ! don't you look after any of your effects ?" " No, (replied the poet calmly,) all that is mine is with me." Then some few of them, and he among the rest, took to swimming ; and several got safe ashore ; while many more perished in the waves, wearied and encumbered with the burdens they had bound about them. To complete the calamity, some plunderers soon after came down upon the coast, and seized all that each man had brought away with him, leaving them naked. The ancient city of Clazomene happened to be near at hand, to which the shipwrecked people repaired. Here a certain man of letters, who had often read the verses of Simonides, and was his great admirer, hearing him one day speak in the market-place, inquired his name, and finding it was he, gave him a welcome reception to his own house, and supplied him with clothes, money, and servants to attend him ; while the rest of the company were forced to carry a letter about this foreign city, setting forth their case, and begging bread. The next day Simonides met with them in his walks, and thus addressed them :

Did I not tell you, my friends, that all which I had

was with me? but you see all that which you could carry away with you perished." Thus wisdom is proved to be the most durable possession, and the best security amidst every want and trial.

The famous Torquato Tasso, by his poem entitled *Rinaldo*, extended his reputation throughout all Italy but greatly chagrined his father, who thought it might seduce him from studies more advantageous. Accordingly he went to Padua, where his son then was, to remonstrate against his apparent purpose of devoting himself to philosophy and poetry, and made use of many very harsh expressions; all which Tasso heard with patience and tranquillity which made the old gentlemen still more angry. At last, "of what use, (cried he) is that philosophy on which you value yourself so much?" "Sir, (replied Tasso calmly,) it has enabled me to endure patiently the harshness even of your reproofs."

Sir Thomas Smith Secretary of State to Queen Elizabeth, a few months before he died, sent to his friends the bishops of Winchester and Worcester, entreating them to draw up for him, out of the word of God, the plainest and best directions for making his peace with him; adding, "That it was great pity men knew not to what end they were born into the world till they were just at the point quitting it."

Sir John Mason was born in the reign of Henry VII. and lived in high esteem with Henry VIII. Edward VI. Queen Mary, and Queen Elizabeth, having been a privy counsellor to each of the four last, and an accurate observer of all the various revolutions and vicissitudes of those times. When he lay on his death-bed he called his family together, and addressed them in the following terms: "Lo! here I have lived to see five princes, and have been a counsellor to four; I have seen the most remarkable things in foreign parts, and been present at most state transactions for thirty years together; and I have learned this, after so many years experience. That seriousness is the greatest wisdom, temperance the best physician, and a good conscience the best estate. And were I to live again.

I would exchange the court for a cloister; my privy-counsellor's bustles for a hermit's retirement; and the whole life I have lived in the palace, for one hour's enjoyment of God in my closet. All things else forsake me, except my God, my duty, and my prayers."

CIRCLE OF THE SCIENCES, WITH SUITABLE REFLECTIONS.

ASTRONOMICAL SKETCHES.—NO. IX.

THE MOON.

THE contemplation of the works of an infinitely wise, powerful, and good Being, are fully calculated to produce in your minds sentiments of reverence, delight, and love. These works are infinitely diversified, and afford a never-failing source of mental pleasure to all who delight in them. "The works of the Lord are great, sought out by all them that have pleasure therein."

Among these amazing and multiplied productions, some are more conspicuous than others, and strike our senses at once with their magnitude, lustre, and beauty.

The Sun that shines daily upon the Earth is at once beautiful and glorious. The stars that shine by night afford the most delightful prospects to the eye, and endless employment for our most soaring thoughts. And the pale Moon that rules the night, affording light to millions by sea and land, influencing our atmosphere, and governing the mighty deep, is, next to the great orb of day, the most interesting of the celestial bodies, and affords to the studious mind full scope for all its powers.

The Moon is the nearest of all the heavenly bodies to our Earth. She is its faithful companion and attendant through its mighty round from year to year, from century to century, accomplishing all the designs of the great Creator of the universe.

The Moon is the first heavenly body that seems to arrest the attention of little children. Shining amidst the heavens, and diffusing her mild and silvery beams, she can be gazed at for any length of time without

inconvenience to the sight. This naturally leads children to view her as an object of wonder and delight. And its highly probable that, in most cases, this luminary is the first celestial object that excites in the youthful mind inquiries relating to the visible heavens, and their glorious Maker.

To the eye of the observer, the Moon appears diversified by bright, and dark or dusky parts: but when viewed through a telescope, the sight is at once grand and surprising. Here we clearly observe large and extensive ranges of very high mountains, and their projecting shadows, by which astronomers have attempted to measure their height. And besides these extensive chains of mountains, we discover valleys, rocks, and plains, in every variety of form and position; and numberless bright and beautiful parts, as if the Sun shone upon rocks of diamond. In other parts are seen extensive tracts, of a dusky or dark aspect, which reflect but little light; as if the Sun shone either upon water or land. But the most singular features of the Moon are those circular ridges which diversify every portion of her surface. A range of mountains of a circular form, rising two or three miles above the level of the adjacent district, surrounds, like mighty ramparts, an extensive plain; and in the middle of this plain or cavity, an insulated conical hill rises to a considerable elevation. Several hundreds of these circular plains most of which are considerably below the level of the surrounding country, may be perceived with a good telescope, on every region of the lunar surface. They are of all dimensions, from two or three miles to forty in diameter.

That there are prodigious inequalities on her surface is proved by looking at her through a telescope, at any other time than when she is in full; for then there is no regular line bounding light and darkness; but the confines of these parts appear, as it were, toothed, and cut with innumerable notches and breaks; and even in the dark part, near the borders of the lucid surface, there are seen some small spaces enlightened by the Sun's beams. Upon the fourth day after the new Moon, and

for several days afterwards, there may be perceived some shining points, like rocks, or small islands within the dark body of the moon; but not far from the confines of light and darkness, there are observed other little spaces, which join to the enlightened surface, but run out into the dark side, and, by degrees, change their figure, till at last they come wholly within the illuminated face, and have no dark parts around them at all. Afterwards (in the space of a few minutes or hours) more shining spaces are observed to arise by degrees, and to appear within the dark side of the Moon; which, before they drew near to the confines of light and darkness, were invisible, being without any light, and totally immersed in the shadow. The contrary is observed in the decreasing phases, where the lucid spaces which joined the illuminated surface by degrees recede from it; and after they are quite separated from the confines of light and darkness remain for some time visible, till at last they also disappear. Now it is impossible that this should be the case, unless these shining points were higher than the rest of the surface, so that the light of the Sun may reach them sooner.

As the Moon has on her surface mountains and valleys, in common with the Earth, some modern astronomers have discovered a still greater similarity, viz. that some are really volcanoes, emitting fire as those on the Earth do.

Different conjectures have been formed concerning the spots on the Moon's surface. Dr. Keill, and the greater part of our present astronomers, are of opinion, that the very bright parts are only the tops of mountains; which, by reason of their elevation, are more capable of reflecting the Sun's light than others, which are lower. The dusky parts, the Doctor says, cannot be seas, nor any thing of a liquid substance; because, when examined by a telescope, they appear to consist of an infinity of caverns and empty pits, whose shadows fall within them, which never can be the case with seas, or any liquid substance; but even within these spots brighter places are observed, which appear to be points of rocks standing within the cavities.

NATURAL HISTORY.

**THE WHITE BEAR OF THE POLAR REGIONS.**

IN the caves of the rocks, or in the hollows of the ice, dwells the most formidable of arctic quadrupeds, the Greenland or Polar bear. This fierce tyrant of the cliffs and snows of the north, unites the strength of the lion with the untameable fierceness of the hyena. A long shaggy covering of white soft hair, and a copious supply of fat, enables him to defy the winter of this rigorous climate. Under the heat of Britain he suffers the most painful sensations; Pennant saw one, over whom it was necessary, from time to time, to pour large pailfuls of water. Another, kept for some years by professor Jameson, evidently suffered severely from the heat of an Edinburgh summer. The haunt of the bear is on the dreary Arctic shores, or on mountains of ice, sometimes two hundred miles from land; yet, he is not, strictly speaking, amphibious. He cannot remain under water above a few moments, and he reaches his maritime stations only by swimming from one icy fragment to another. Mr. Scoresby limits the swimming reach to

three or four miles; yet Parry found one in the centre of Barrow's strait, where it was forty miles across. This bear prowls continually for his prey, which consists chiefly of the smaller cetacea and of seals, which unable to contend with him, shun their fate by keeping strict watch, and plunging into the depths of the waters. With the walrus he holds dreadful and doubtful encounters; and that powerful animal, with his enormous tusks, frequently beats him off with great damage. The whale he dares not attack, but watches anxiously for the huge carcass in a dead state, which affords him a prolonged and delicious feast: he scents it at the distance of miles. All these sources of supply being precarious, he is sometimes left for weeks without food, and the fury of his hunger then becomes tremendous. At such periods, man, viewed by him always as his prey, is attacked with peculiar fierceness.

The annals of the north are filled with accounts of the most perilous and fatal conflicts of the Polar bear. The first, and one of the most tragical, was sustained by Barentz and Heemskerke, in 1596, during their voyage for the discovery of the north-east passage. Having anchored at an island near the strait of Waygatz, two of the sailors landed, and were walking on shore, when one of them felt himself closely hugged from behind. Thinking this a frolic of one of his companions, he called out in a corresponding tone "Who's there? pray stand off." His comrade looked, and screamed out, "A bear! a bear!" then running to the ship, alarmed the crew with loud cries. The sailors ran to the spot, armed with pikes and muskets. On their approach, the bear very coolly quitted the mangled corpse, sprang upon another sailor, carried him off, and, plunging his teeth into his body, began drinking his blood at long draughts. Hereupon the whole of that stout crew, struck with terror, turned their backs, and fled precipitately to the ship. On arriving there, they began to look at each other, unable to feel much satisfaction with their own prowess. Three then stood forth, undertaking to avenge the fate of their countrymen, and to secure for them the rites of

burial. They advanced, and fired at first from so respectful a distance that they all missed. The pursuer then courageously proceeded in front of his companions, and, taking a close aim, pierced the monster's skull immediately below the eye. The bear however, merely lifted his head, and advanced upon them, holding still in his mouth the victim whom he was devouring: but seeing him soon stagger, the three rushed on with sabre and bayonet, and soon despatched him. They collected and bestowed decent sepulture on the mangled limbs of their comrades, while the skin of the animal, thirteen feet long, became the prize of the sailor who had fired the successful shot.

The history of the whale-fishers records a number of remarkable escapes from the bear. A Dutch captain Jonge Kees, in 1668, undertook, with two canoes, to attack one, and with a lance gave him so dreadful a wound that his immediate death seemed to them inevitable. Anxious, therefore, not to injure the skin, Kees merely followed the animal close, till he should drop down dead. The bear, however having climbed a little rock, made a spring from the distance of twenty four feet upon the captain, who, taken completely by surprise, lost hold of the lance, and fell beneath the assailant, who, placing both paws on his breast, opened two rows of tremendous teeth, and paused for a moment, as if to show him all the horror of his situation. At this critical instant, a sailor, rushing forward with only a scoop, succeeded in alarming the monster, who made off, leaving the captain without the slightest injury.

In 1788, captain Cook of the *Archangel*, when near the coast of Spitzbergen, found himself suddenly between the paws of a bear. He instantly called on the surgeon, who accompanied him, to fire, which the latter did with such admirable promptitude and precision, that he shot the beast through the head, and delivered the captain. Mr. Hawkins of the *Everthorpe*, in July, 1818, having pursued and twice struck a large bear, had raised his lance for a third blow, when the animal sprang forward, seized him by the thigh, and threw

him over its head into the water. Fortunately, it used this advantage only to effect its own escape. Captain Scoresby mentions a boat's crew which attacked a bear in the Spitzbergen sea; but the animal having succeeded in climbing the sides of the boat, all the sailors threw themselves for safety into the water, where they hung by the gunwale. The victor entered triumphantly, and took possession of the barge, where it sat quietly, till it was shot by another party. The same writer mentions the ingenious contrivance of a sailor who, being pursued by one of these creatures, threw down successively, his hat, jacket, handkerchief, and every other article in his possession, when the brute, pausing at each, gave the sailor always a certain advantage, and enabled him finally to regain the vessel.

Though the voracity of the bear is such, that he has been known to feed on his own species, yet maternal tenderness is as conspicuous in the female as in other inhabitants of the frozen regions. There is no exertion which she will not make for the supply of her progeny. A she bear, with her two cubs, being pursued by some sailors across a field of ice, and finding that, neither by example, nor by a peculiar voice and action, she could urge them to the requisite speed, applied her paws, and pitched them alternately forward. The little creatures themselves, as she came up, threw themselves before her to receive the impulse, and thus they effected their escape.

Bears are by no means devoid of intelligence. Their schemes for entrapping seals, and other animals on which they feed, often display considerable ingenuity. The manner in which the Polar bear surprises his victim, is thus described by captain Lyon: On seeing his intended prey, he gets quietly into the water, and swims to a leeward position, from whence, by frequent short dives, he silently makes his approaches, and so arranges his distance, that at the last dive, he comes to the spot where the seal is lying. If the poor animal attempts to escape by rolling into the water, he falls into the paws of the bear; if, on the contrary, he lies still, his destroyer makes a powerful spring, kills

him on the ice, and devours him at leisure. Some sailors, endeavoring to catch a bear, placed the noose of a rope under the snow, baited with a piece of whale's flesh. The bear, however, contrived, three successive times, to push the noose aside, and to carry off the bait unhurt. Captain Scoresby had half-tamed two cubs, which used even to walk the deck; but they showed themselves always restless under this confinement, and finally effected their escape.

According to Pennant and other writers, the bear forms chambers in the great ice mountains, where he sleeps the long winter night, undisturbed by the roar of the northern tempest; but this regular hibernation is doubted by many recent observers.

POETRY.

ODE TO THE MOON.

WRITTEN AT MIDNIGHT.

Hail! orb of gentleness, thy silver beams
 Bid the thick clouds of darkness take their flight
 And to my sight, my wondering sight, displays
 The captivating scenery of night;
 The wind-god gently skipping through the vale,
 The glimmering stars that light thee on thy way
 The osiers bending to the pleasant gale,
 Exceed, by far, the beauty of the day,

The noise of busy day has ceased,
 The city hum is still;
 All nature sleeps, while I alone,
 List to the river's solemn moan,
 Or ripple of the rill;
 Or turn mine eye
 Up to the sky
 Where thou dost ride in cloudless majesty.

Yes—I have left my weary bed,
 Whilst others are at rest;
 For midnight is the silent hour,
 When contemplation heavenly power,
 Is wont to fill the breast;
 And Fancy too,
 Adds charms anew,
 Which poesy alone can picture to the view

But stay—methinks 'twas on a night like this,
 When the blue concave of the heaven above
 Was decked with many a star, and thou didst lend
 Thine aid, to cheer lone shepherds as they talked
 Of ancient kings and prophets long ago
 Laid under ground, and looked with joy unto
 The day of Jesus' birth,—I say, methinks
 'Twas on a night like this, that in the heaven
 A light, more brilliant far than noon day saw,
 Arose; and a sweet voice was heard, which said,
 "Fear not, glad tidings bring I unto you,"
 Of joy ecstatic, "for to you this day
 Is born a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord."

ADDRESS TO AN INFANT.

Sweet infant, when I gaze on thee,
 And mark thy spirit's bounding lightness,
 Thy laugh of playful ecstasy,
 Thy glance of animated brightness—
 How beautiful the light appears
 Of Reason in her first revealings,
 How blest the boon of opening years,
 Unclouded hopes, unwithered feelings!

Thou hast not felt Ambition's thrall,
 Thou dost not sigh for absent treasures,
 Thy dark eye beams in joy on all,
 Simple and ardent are thy pleasures;
 And should a tear obscure thy bliss,
 I know the spell to soothe thy sadness,
 The magic of thy father's kiss
 Can soon transform thy grief to gladness.

The world, my fair, and frolic boy,
 May give thy feelings new directions,
 But may its changes ne'er destroy
 The fervor of thy warm affections;
 Still may thy glad, contented eyes
 Smile on each object they are meeting,
 Yet, most of earthly blessings, prize
 A parent's look,—a parent's greetings!

And, oh! may He, whose boundless love
 Excels the ken of human blindness,
 The wisest Father's care above—
 Beyond the fondest mother's kindness—
 Teach thy young heart for Him to glow,
 Thy ways from sin and sorrow sever,
 And guide thy steps in peace below,
 To realms where peace endures for ever!

FIRST AND LAST HOURS.

Lov'st thou the hour, the first of day,
 When the dewy hours are opening bright,
 When through the curtains of morning gray,
 Are stealing streaks of crimson light ?
 Hath it not a power, a spell ?
 Doth it not to thy warm heart tell
 Of life, fresh, sparkling, new-born life,
 And scenes as yet too young for strife ?

Lov'st thou the hour in twilight time,
 When every flower is closing round ;
 When fainter and fainter the bell's chime
 Comes with a soothing, dying sound ?
 Hath it not a spell, though it be
 Differing from the first for'te ?
 Doth it not tell of visions deep,
 And a gradual dropping down to sleep ?

These hours are types and signs of thine ;
 Thy first hour brought both smiles and tears
 And called forth feelings half divine,
 In those who looked to future years,
 And watched how grew each feature's mould,
 And saw their little buds unfold,
 And trusted strife should never come,
 To cast on heart and brow a gloom.

And thy last hour—'tis thine to make
 It calm as twilight's lovely time ;
 A blessed sleep, from which to wake,
 Will be to the better world to climb ;
 Remember, 'tis thine, ay thine to choose,
 If storms shall take place of stars and dews,
 Or if thy spirit shall have power
 To make its parting like day's last hour.

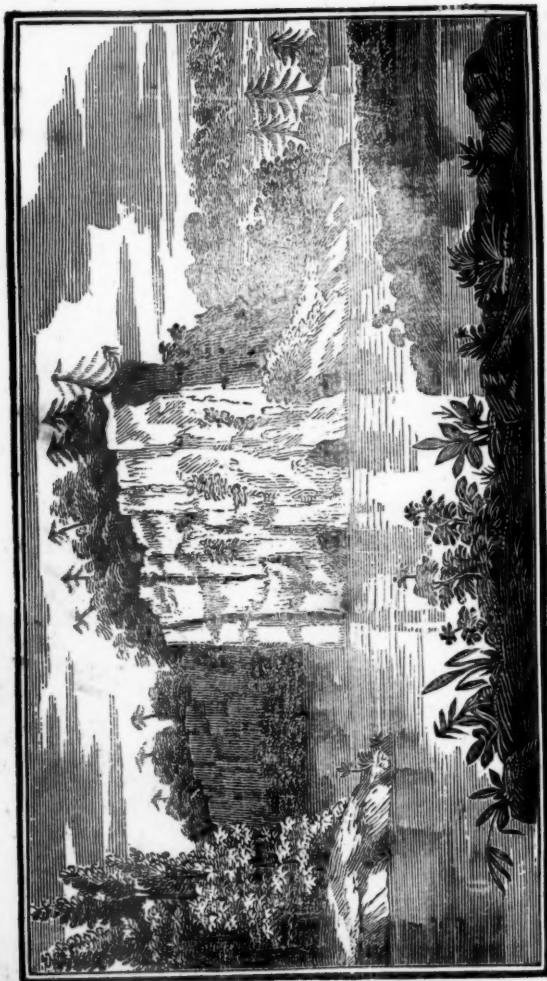
A REFLECTION AT SEA.

BY THOMAS MOORE.

See how beneath the moon-beam's smile
 Yon little billow heaves its breast,
 And foams and sparkles for awhile,
 And murmuring then retires to rest,

Thus man, the sport of bliss and care,
 Rises on time's eventful sea,
 And having swelled a moment there,
 He melts into eternity.

17



ROCK FORT ON THE ILLINOIS RIVER.